THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI. *Philadelphia, Saturday, September* 17, 1808. No. 12.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(*Continued from page* 165.)

LETTER XLII.

AT this time last year I little imagined that I should pass another summer near Geneva, but a variety of circumstances have contributed to keep us here; there needed no great violence as you may suppose, and I trust that we shall never have cause to regret it. We are now at Secheron, where we have a very good house on the borders of the lake, and the pleasure of going upon the water of a fine afternoon is thus added to the many other enjoyments of this fine country. Our great and principal object of education for a part of the family is promoted by our stay, your new —— will be better able to bear the fatigue of travelling, and your ——— will enjoy the advantage of a paternal home a little longer. He will follow us in less than two years and finish his education in his own country. The persons who direct our seminaries or universities in America are, I presume, upon a footing with the teachers and heads of houses of other countries, but their plan of instruction commences so soon, and goes on so rapidly, that a young man is often left unemployed at a very awkward moment of his life. I was once in hopes that we should have had a great national school and university in a central part of the United States, where young men from different parts of the Union might have become acquainted in early life, and have been in some degree united ever after; a very small part of the sums so uselessly and unwisely lavished in the purchase of Louisiana, might have collected men of science in every branch of

instruction, and have provided all the various apparatus for lectures on chymistry, astronomy and experimental philosophy. It would no longer have been necessary for strangers to bring us acquainted with the natural history and geology of our country, a taste for the fine arts might have been introduced, and some liberal employment provided in time for that immense accumulation of money which all seem to aim at and so many succeed in procuring: but all such views have vanished before the spirit of parsimony which forms the great political virtue of the times, and which seems indeed to afford the only solid basis of popularity. Those advantages which might have resulted to the youth of the United States in general, from a national university, seem to have been long enjoyed by the Virginians, who certainly owe a part of their preponderance in publick affairs to their being very generally educated under the same professours—it enables them to add discipline to the force of numbers, and to act as it were in column against the loose array and scattered forces of their political antagonists.—I will now go back to my journal which finishes in my last with a promise to give you some account of an excursion my brother and I had made into the Pays de Vaud. Immediately behind Granson, which you will find on any map of Switzerland, is situated the little village of Giez, where our kinsman sir James K— passed a retired and blameless life of many years: he was heir at law to a good estate in Scotland, when in travelling through Switzerland he became smitten with the charms of a young lady of Berne, of good family but of small fortune and married her in opposition to the wishes and injunctions of his father: some years before, he had, as was pretended, made a promise of marriage to another person, and as the law of Scotland is far, if I may use a French expression, from understanding raillery upon this subject, he was outlawed, and left at his father's death, with no other provision than an allowance of three hundred pounds a year, the estate passing to his younger brother, as if he had been physically dead.

I saw him when I was formerly in this country, and used to admire the cheerful resignation with which he bore his misfortunes. He had so nearly forgotten his native language that he preferred expressing himself in French, which he however spoke with so broad an accent, that it was sometimes difficult for his children to comprehend him.

There was something in the circumstance of us, Americans, passing a day with a number of relations, at the foot of Mount Jura, that was singular and almost romantick. They received and treated us with the greatest kindness and hospitality, in a house which bespoke a decent plenty, which is better than opulence; they talked over, but without bitterness, the injustice which the family had suffered in Scotland; they showed us the good old gentleman's picture done in his better days, with the family arms in one corner of it, and pointed out the oak tree, under the shade of which it had been his desire to be buried. Between the village and the lake is the field where the duke of Burgundy held his head quarters, and the stone is still distinguished on which, tradition says, he was seated, when he treacherously gave orders for the execution of the garrison of Granson; it is called, to this day,

the stone of evil counsel, and has remained a memorial of the duke's wickedness and folly, for upwards of three hundred years: you know what ample vengeance the Swiss took of him and his army afterwards; but the ossuary of Morat, in which the bones of the Burgundians had whitened for so many years, was destroyed by the French when they entered Switzerland. I can very well conceive their considering it as an object of evil omen, and so it might have been, had the Swiss continued united in these latter days, as they were in the 15th century. Ancient as well as modern history renders the whole of this country interesting. Yverdon and Orbe, every town, and almost every village we passed through, are known to have been Roman stations, and the road we travelled on was the same which was used in the time of the Cæsars.

Having parted with my brother at Giez, I returned to Geneva by the way of Vincy, but stopt for an hour at Allamans, which you will find on the map to the north of Rolle: upon a gentle eminence overlooking a little village, is an old family-house, there is a spacious garden annexed to it with a stream of water running through, and an ancient wood and a natural terrace of nearly a mile, with a river at the foot of it, which is seen to enter the lake; on the other side of the lake, the view, after reposing for a moment on the slope of the vineyards near Thonon, loses itself in the Alps. Such is Allamans, and, if to the circumstances I have mentioned you add, that it is in the midst of a high, healthy and well cultivated country, you will think it singular that the proprietor of such a place, who is also a man of very large fortune, should prefer passing his summer in Geneva: but the revolution in the Pays de Vaud, which destroyed the remains of the feudal system, has produced a bitterness of animosity between the former seigneurs and their vassals, which must render the residence of a castle unpleasant.

The event has not however been as injurious to the former as I once imagined, the government of the Pays de Vaud proceeding with a degree of liberality, which is to be admired in revolutionary times, granted the seigneurs twenty years purchase of their allodial rights, reserving however, the tithes for themselves, and confounding very unjustly some cases of mortgages given at distant periods, with feudal tenures. As these indemnifications were made in what we should have called treasury incidents in America, and as there prevailed the same want of confidence in the government as originally with us, they have been very generally parted with and at a very great discount.

Vincy is the seat of a gentleman who married a grand daughter of sir James, and I felt myself here, as well as at Giez, in the house of a relation. It is in the finest part of La Côte, and situated in a manner to remind me very much of Belvoir. The mountain behind the house rises to about the same height and they look down upon the lake, as you do on the tops of pine trees; but after a space for a terrace before the door, and the garden ground, with a small portion of the mountain which furnishes fire-wood, the whole as far as the eye can reach, and down to the lake, is in a state of the highest cultivation and principally in vineyards.

Mr. de Vincy who served many years in Corsica, knew the present

emperour there, and used to lend him books as to a promising young man, that is, he used to permit him to come and read them at his quarters. The strangely brilliant fortune of this wonderful man, this emperour, has excited a great deal of curiosity and inquiry as to his earlier life, and I ought in justice to inform you, that he is generally represented, as having preserved a grave, and rather dignified demeanour; of having practised the virtues of obedience as an inferiour, before he began to command. He is expected here in the course of next month, and it may be in my power learn something interesting of his private life, which I may communicate to you without indiscretion. To judge of him by what I as yet know, he appears to be a man of singular talents and of great attainments, and yet deficient in that sort of plain, I might almost call it vulgar good sense, which makes no splendid figure in life, but which is so useful in the arrangement of our private concerns: he has had opportunities of acting either as Monk did in England, as Timoleon did in Syracuse, or as Washington did in America: perhaps the nation he served was capable of no situation in which such conduct would have placed it; but some semblance of liberty might have been left, some consolation for the horrours of the revolution might have been afforded to those, who have been the sufferers in the contest: recollecting the instability of fortune, he might have remained satisfied with being as great as Lewis XIV in all his splendour, he might have raised not humbled Spain, have left Holland the advantages of neutrality during the present war, respected the independence of Switzerland, and not trampled upon the powers of Germany; he might still have pursued the glorious policy of uniting Italy under one sovereign, without aggrandizing himself and his relations; and feeling superiour to the angry passions of the moment, he might have refrained from an act, which all men condemn, and which will lie heavy on his conscience to the end of life, unless, which you will say is very possible, I may have been misled in my opinion by publick report.

LETTER XLIII.

I am not very certain but that you will think I have already said too much of Geneva; but you are yet to wade through a particular account of their plan of education; and I will endeavour to make you acquainted with the state of science in its various branches here, as far as my opportunities and my knowledge will enable me to do so. The little too, which I have said of their political differences would admit of my adding considerably to that article, nor would it be difficult to attract your attention by some interesting descriptions; why, for instance, should we be made to admire the firmness of the Roman senators remaining in their places as the Gauls entered the city, and know nothing of the affecting sight which the magistrates of Geneva afforded, when seated in their robes of office across the streets, they stopt the march of a column of mutinous citizens? You must trample upon our bodies, they said, before you can approach your fellow-citizens with any hostile views. The sad scenes also which distinguish Tiberius and Caius Gracchus in Plutarch, have been acted over and over again in Geneva, and the last moments of many of the victims of those frightful pe-

riods have been such, as Plutarch would not have thought unworthy of being transmitted to posterity.

I will return to this subject hereafter perhaps, but will in the meantime give you some idea of a short tour which your ——— and I are just returned from. Our object was to fill up the interval of a vacation at school in the most agreeable manner, and the result of the family council held upon the occasion was, that we should cross the Alps and go by Turin as far as Milan. Your ——— was delighted at the prospect of seeing another nation, of hearing another language, of pursuing the road of Hannibal, and of breathing the air of Italy, which had produced so many great men; and I was to attend him as the Sybil does Æneas, in order to explain some things, and to give him a distinct idea of others, which he will better comprehend hereafter. The little village of St. Julien put me in mind of the sisters of St. Claire, who experienced a hospitable and affectionate reception there, when they were compelled to quit their convent in Geneva; and our first halt was at Frangy, which you will easily find, if you can prevail on yourself to spread a map of Savoy upon the table.

The inn was a castle of former days, and it still, even in its present degraded situation, retains somewhat of a castle-like appearance. I remembered stopping at the same house about seven and twenty years ago with two English gentlemen, one of whom is distinguished by Dr. Moore in his tour, by the letter H, which was the initial letter of his name; he was then, when we dined together at Frangy, a spritely, good humoured, handsome young man, of large fortune and still greater expectations; unfortunately for himself and for mankind, to whom he would have proved an ornament, he was desirous of distinction, but totally mistook the proper road which led to it; he lost his money at cards although he hated gaming, and drank to excess without any passion for liquor; he so managed, in short, that his fortune and his constitution expired together at the early age of five or six and twenty.

"'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool."

The little town of Frangy lies at the bottom of a circle of hills surrounding it like a funnel; these slopes have long been distinguished for the wine they produce, and which Rosseau says, contributed as much as the arguments of the curate to make him abandon the Protestant faith. The whole surface of the country resembles that of the ocean in a storm upon an immense scale; we found ourselves at one moment upwards of a thousand feet above the level of the lake of Geneva, and then the moment after nearly two hundred feet below it. We stopt at Rumilly for the night, after ascertaining the spot as we entered the town over a bridge, where two young people travelling in a chaise, were some years ago exposed to a frightful fall. The postillion perceiving that the impulse of the carriage would prevent his turning in time to reach the bridge, had left them to their fate on the brink of a precipice of upwards of sixty feet, down which they were precipitated so as to fall on the edge of the river—the horses were killed and the chaise crushed, but it had fallen on the top where there was an imperial filled with clothes, the shock had been by that means diminished, and the young people escaped unhurt.

As we arrived early in the evening we had time to walk about the town, and found a guide for that purpose in a well looking woman who had formerly, she told us, been a nun, and who carried us to the ruins of her convent; the church had been converted into a storehouse, and a detachment of gendarmerie was in possession of what remained of the cells—this was a sight which our guide had not been yet rendered callous to, and I observed a sort of satisfaction in her eyes, when she told us of a fatal accident which had happened to one of the principal purchasers of the convent. She had known more sorrow during six years in the world she told me, than during fourteen in her former recluse life.

In continuing our route towards Aix we were soon, as you will perceive by the map, between two small lakes, that of Bourget, which we now and then got a glimpse of, and that of Annecy at a greater distance on our left. There is something extremely picturesque in the appearance of a lake surrounded by lofty mountains, that of Annecy in particular, the borders of which, though rising abruptly, are in the highest state of cultivation, and have excited the admiration of all travellers: that of Bourget extended most probably, in former times, as far as Chambéri, it is now about nine miles long, but forms a source of variety and amusement to the valetudinarians who take the water of Aix; we arrived at this little watering place before the service of the church had commenced; it was Sunday, and we were diverted at the arts of a religious mountebank: he was selling crosses of pewter, which had been blessed by the Pope, and finding the crowd of peasants rather slow in purchasing, although he spoke with wonderful volubility, he took out a fiddle from under his cloak, and proposed to the assembly, that they should join him in a hymn. Orpheus himself could hardly have been more powerful; they now began to buy after the first two or three stanzas, and the whole stock of crosses were disposed of at the rate of six sous a piece before the hymn was finished.

Aix seems to have been a place of favourite residence in the time of the Roman empire, and to have been inhabited by opulent people; there are several remains of antiquity, and a set of vapour baths which might be restored to use at no great expense: many of the vats into which the water was received, and which were cased with marble, are still entire, as well as the tubes which conveyed the vapour; nothing struck me more than the size of the bricks made use of in this subterraneous edifice; they were in general of the dimensions of six by twelve inches, and seemed to have been materials worthy of those who built for posterity. Chambéri, so long the capital of Savoy, is a town of about ten thousand inhabitants, situated in a pleasant valley of well cultivated fields, without any great marks of opulence either within or around it. Rousseau has given a very interesting picture of the inhabitants in his time, and one naturally looks out for the Charmettes in descending by a noble road, from the upper part of which there is a prospect of the whole country. You know the life he led there with Madame de Warens, for whom I cannot feel as Arthur Young pretends he did: her good-nature was folly itself, and the most sacred of all names seems to have been applied in a very unworthy manner.

From Chambéri, where we remained but an hour or two, we passed on to Montmelian, and thence to Aiguebelle, where we stopped for the night. There have been several fatal instances in this country of parts of mountains which have suddenly given way and overwhelmed a portion of the plain; a league of country at a little distance from Chambéri still exhibits the effects of such a catastrophe, though it took place in the thirteenth century. Several villages were destroyed, and more would have shared their fate, had it not been for the interposition of our Lady of Mians, whose miraculous image may be still seen at a neighbouring church. Such at least was the publick opinion, and in a picture which relates to this event, the very devils who are supposed to have been the authours of the mischief, are made to bear testimony in conformation of the miracle: Why do you not push on, says one of the devils, who was busy scattering fragments of the mountain, it is only a step from here to Chimay? Why, you blockhead, says the other, do you not see our Lady of Mians, who is ready to drive us back again?

The Castle of Montmelian exhibits a poor appearance of ruined works and dismantled towers, and as the road winds up the hill on the opposite side of the river, it is very easy to understand the grounds of Sully's confidence as to the facility of taking it; we thought of Sully again at Aiguebelle, but there are no traces upon the neigbouring mountain of the fort which he so gallantly made himself master of.

We now entered the narrow vallies of the Alps, the sides of which were cultivated and chiefly in vines, wherever a little interval of soil amid barren rocks, would admit of it, while the river Arck rolled along at the bottom bidding defiance to every species of navigation, and frequently rising from its natural limits to lay waste the narrow strip of low grounds which sometimes borders it. The great road which the French government is carrying on for the passage of the Alps begins hereabouts, and follows the course of the river. It will afford a safe and easy conveyance for troops and artillery, and the traveller in future times will hardly believe the accounts of those who have preceded him. But what are we to think of Hannibal, who made his way through this country with all the incumbrances of a large army and in opposition to the continued efforts of a fierce and warlike people?

I know there are various opinions as to the direction he took, but it added too much to the interesting nature of our journey, the believing ourselves passing over the same ground and in view of the same rocks and precipices which the Carthagenians did, not to agree with those, who are convinced that he crossed mount Cenis. The common tradition of the country is in favour of it, and even points out the places where the Carthagenians were attacked. The village of Solliers, which you will find on the map, is supposed to be about the place where the mountaineers made a desperate assault upon them, and where the great Hannibal must have passed a wretched night.

We now ascended almost continually through a savage country fit only for wolves and bears to roam at large in, and overgrown with mountain pine, the appear-

ance of scattered cultivation had ceased, and the rushing of torrents precipitating themselves from rock to rock was heard on all sides. Lanslebourg is a large village, altogether inhabited by muleteers and chairmen, who are at the service of those who wish to cross the mountain, and the traveller is saved both from their importunity and their imposition, by a system of police, which is strictly carried into execution.

For The Port Folio.

The University of Philadelphia in common with many of her learned sisters throughout the Union, annually sends out many laurelled sons, who, by the powers of genius, and the force of application, are qualified to adorn and benefit their country. By the benignity of one of the officers of the above respectable institution, we have been favoured with the following Academical effusion, which as the genuine production of the youth whose name it bears is certainly entitled to a very candid consideration. The Juvenile authour is ardent, sanguine, and impassioned, but these are the graces of his age, and, who, but the moroser powers will carp at the romantick sallies of youthful patriotism? The Seminary whose honours he has lately received and deserved, is by no means disgraced by compositions of the following character. Much of what Mr. P has advanced is true with respect to the improvement of the moderns, and the rest is plausible; at any rate, the oratour is sure to have a majority on his side. Whatever flatters the pride or sooths the self-complacency of our contemporaries will scarcely be perused with a frown.

AN ORATION

On the improvements of the 18th century,

COMPOSED AND DELIVERED BY

THOMAS F. PLEASANTS.

In conformity with the past tenour of human affairs there is nothing more liable to experience changes and to fluctuate in different periods than arts and science, among mankind. Thus by frequent vicissitudes, are formed particular eras remarkably distinguished for eminence in the higher circles of literature.

The Alexandrian age among the Greeks, and the Augustan among the Romans, have been justly appreciated for the elevated station which was filled by learning and the laurels of honour with which they encircled her brow. The period of barbarism which ensued from the decline of Roman grandeur did not totally annihilate learning, but excluding it from society, confined it in cloisters and monasteries. The dissolution of the unrestrained oppression which the Pope exercised over Great Britain, again liberated the spirit of genius, and fired it with an eager impetuosity to resume the prosecution of its studies. At no previous period, did Science soar aloft with such rapidity. Anteriour to the 18th century, the confused mass of matter, which escaped the ravages of barbarity, was hewn into its genuine and beautiful form; but it was the 18th century, which gave it a tinsel polish, and infused in it those new charms, which add considerably to the lustre of the old.

In the present state of society, the progress of literature has, if possible, surpassed the proficiency which was made in it by antiquity. Ever before the 18th century, the human mind seems to have been fettered to its distinct province, and confined to certain limits, which the Authour of Nature was thought to prescribe it; but now it has burst all restraints, overstept its ancient boundary, and appears to have mounted to a newly explored region, and mingled with a distinct species of creation.

The 18th century, therefore, merits the appellation of a scien-

tifick age, and claims preeminence in the temple of fame.

Among all the arts which have arisen at different times among mankind, none have ever received greater improvement, flourished in a higher degree of perfection, or produced more beneficial consequences than that of natural philosophy in the present period of the world. The daring spirit of man in his bold career has winged his flight to the celestial concave and discovered new regions which were unknown to former ages. The enlightened mind of Newton, Franklin, Herschell, and others, stimulated by a solicitious philanthropy, aspired at, and attained the honour of raising the human character to a nobler dignity and directing its pursuits through the pleasing fields of nature. Not content with investigating wonderful phenomena, they have ascertained their laws and the springs by which their operations are performed.

Before the blazing genius of Newton shone forth and guided mankind by the lights of reason, an opake veil of obscurity shrowded the beauties of nature which delight by their contemplation, and concealed their utility which has so considerably alleviated the misfortunes and distresses of mankind. He, at one time, soaring on high, unbounded by the limits of humanity, scaled the lofty walls of heaven and revealed the mysterious arcana of nature; and at another, carefully prying into those subtle parts of creation, which, by their minuteness, escaped the observation of the keenest eye, found out those invisible beings which inspire the vital breath.

With the enterprising spirit characteristick of his country, the bold soul of Franklin stripped even the heavenly lightning, which scourges the wild elements of nature, and rends asunder the congregated mass of worlds, of those awful terrours which it hurled among percipient beings, devested of those direful effects by which the noblest works of man were prostrated in the dust, and directed its vivid flash harmless through the air.

See on yon dark'ning height, bold Franklin tread,
Heaven's awful thunder rolling o'er its head,
Convolving clouds the billowy sky deform,
And forky flames emblaze the black'ning storm.

See the descending streams around him burn,
Glance on his rod, and with his guidance turn;
He bids conflicting heavens their blasts expire,
Curbs the fierce blaze, and holds th' imprisoned fire!

Herschell too, ambitious of emulating their glory and perpetuating his name in the memory of posterity, mounting on the swift wings of transcendent genius, has added a new world to the sun's revolving system, "and yields the lyre of heaven another string."

By the speculation of such philosophers it is, that an *indelible* certainty has been affixed to our knowledge, and practical conclusions established instead of probable suppositions. Those circumstances which were formerly deemed satisfactory, by inventing hypotheses unaided by reason, have now been either totally exploded or received rational or experimental sanction, and whatever was concealed from the acutest ingenuity of human conception has been expanded to the view of all inquiring minds.

But it is not in philosophy alone that the late century has improved the literary state of society. Never were the beauties of language more strikingly illustrated, nor the

fertile fields of rhetorick more successfully cultivated, than by many writers who have recently flourished. The genuine fire of modest genius and melodious beauty apparent in the writings of Addison, the pleasing instruction which he conveys, and the sublime sentiments which he impresses upon the mind have entitled him to the first situation among the authours of the age. The wonderful natural powers, with which the mind of Johnson was endowed, and the great acquirements which his own exertions have produced, have established his fame upon a permanent basis, not to be shaken by the capricious mutability of the opinions of men.

The celebrity of Locke stands unrivalled on the records of history, and affords an illustrious example of the dignity of man, since he has evinced such clearness in his conceptions, such accuracy in his reasoning, and such depth in his researches through the mazes of the mind.

The vast numbers in the catalogue of eminent authours who have, in this period, acquired a lasting reputation, are too great to require a particular enumeration.

The rapid elevation to which eloquence has been raised in the 18th century, transcends the anticipated hopes of her most sanguine zealots, holding in their view the degraded state from which she had just emerged. Her votaries, with seeming propriety, apprehended that eloquence was doomed to flutter on the surface of mediocricy, and scarce hazarded a faint belief that she would attempt to reach her ancient eminence. She has however, in the persons of Chatham and Burke, appeared clothed in the terrours of thunder and arrayed in the sublimity of heaven! She has stunned the ears of a corrupt ministry, terrified the heart of savage ferocity, and upon the rapid wings of fame has mounted to her zenith and animated all mankind by her powerful influence. Commanding the heart by the pathos of a Sheridan, pleasing the understanding by the imagery of an Erskine, and governing the passions by the insinuating address of a Pitt, or the irresistible torrent of a Fox, eloquence possesses unbounded sway over human affairs. A Patrick Henry bends to humanity the heart steeled and inflexible to tender sentiments, and actuates the throbbing pulsation in the vein of virtue. He meditates an unerring blow against tyranny and usurpation, and parries the dagger aimed at the fair breast of liberty.

The liberal spirit of the 18th century guarded with vigilant attention the progress of learning and spread its genial influence so extensively as to enlighten all classes and promote their happiness and independence.

Literature, being thus more equally distributed, and generous sentiments operating upon the mind produced a general emancipation, by curbing the domineering impetuosity of noblemen of high rank and dignity, yet tended in an extraordinary degree to soften the rude manners of the age, and introduce urbanity and refinement.

Thus we have observed that the scientifick improvements of the 18th century have been extremely great, nor have the political improvements been less, nor been followed by less beneficial consequences.

The extensive field which has of late been appropriated for commerce, and the many nations

which are now united by the ties of intercourse must necessarily have made a material alteration in the science of policy; for the predominant dispositions of a people and their form of government, must, by the rules of nature, uniformly coincide: Thus, if man be born in a country where human nature is debased by servile bondage he implicitly submits to the overruling mandates of tyrannical oppression; but, if he inhales the generous air of liberty, he opposes the *first* encroachment on his rights, and appeals to arms for the maintenance of national freedom.

Though new principles and motives actuated the cabinets and governments of the European nations, yet the most effectual mutation which political constitutions have undergone was reserved for another quarter.

The liberty of America, which was purchased at the price of the most valuable lives, was upon the verge of being sacrificed by our want of energy and our intestine dissentions. But the genius of our Washington hovered over it, and shielded it from danger.

He, with other illustrious patriots and statesmen, framed a constitution which shall be dearly cherished by every *native* American while virtue and heroism animate our souls and prompt our actions.

Posterity will record the magnanimity of our citizens, and future ages commemorate their virtues in having adopted such a masterpiece of policy, such a *perfect sample* of the refinement of man! And if the line of our conduct forms a perfect coincidence with the rules prescribed by the constitution we may congratulate ourselves upon being the happiest of mankind protected under the impenetrable shield of justice.

In every civilized quarter of the globe political and martial talents have copiously abounded, from the artful intrigues of European courts to the open candour of the American nation.

And in perusing the history of the 18th century, the heart of sensibility becomes chilled upon contemplating the black crimes which tarnish its page, and the horid cruelties which have been perpetrated by licentiousness and ambition. Such events, however, afford no gratification to the mind, but on the contrary present a melancholy scene, and an affecting example of the depravity of man, and the degradation of his nature. We shall therefore silently pass them over under the impression that the improvement in the art of war is no improvement to the dignified nature of the human soul.

After having mentioned the great improvements which have been made in the 18th century, we think it a duty incumbent on us to acknowledge that we have in some respects sullied the fair character which a rational creature should possess.

Luxury is now gaining a great ascendancy over the human mind, and infusing its poison with an insinuating guile, through every fibre of the heart. Gradual is its progress; but fatal its effect. Luxury undermined the Grecian power and reduced to ashes the towering might of Rome.

Unless, then, this cloud, which hangs over human affairs be immediately dispersed, and luxury avoided as a deluding phantom, which contaminates by its pestilential contact, the vast improvements which have been made will be entirely irrelevent, and the mind

of man, from the lofty regions to which it is raised, descend to grovel in ignominious ignorance.

For The Port Folio.

MORTUARY.

DIED, on Thursday the 8th inst. in the 39th year of his age, WILLIAM SANDFORD, Esq. formerly of the Inner Temple, London. He came to this country in 1795, and for the last twelve years acted as an officer in the Bank of Pennsylvania, being the greater part of that time the first book-keeper. His abilities as an accountant rendered him eminently useful, while the urbanity of his manners, and the unbounded benevolence of his heart, commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him.

The circumstances attendant upon the close of this excellent man's life are somewhat remarkable; evincing, in a very striking manner, the uncertainty of all sublunary prospects and expectations; and at the same time the blessed influence of genuine Christianity in qualifying the human mind to receive the summons of death, however sudden, with tranquillity and resignation.

Mr. SANDFORD's unwearied assiduity and incorruptible integrity in executing the duties of his appointment, induced the Directors of the Bank to reward his fidelity and zeal by placing him in a situation of greater responsibility, of less labour, and more emolument. With this view, he was unanimously chosen CASHIER of the BRANCH BANK, to be established at EASTON in this state. But, on the very day before his intended departure from this city, he was seized by a violent and invincible disease, which, in the course of eight days, notwithstanding the utmost exertions of medical skill, effected the separation of his soul from the body.

The writer of this article visited him during his illness,—at the time when his physicians announced the certainty of his approaching dissolution,—and, just before it actually took place. Throughout the whole of this awfully interesting period, Mr. SANDFORD preserved the most undisturbed serenity of mind, and viewed the advance of death, not only with *Christian* resignation, but with a degree of exhilarating confidence, and holy exultation, which nothing but the animating influence of that divine religion could inspire. Conscious of an habitual conformity to its precepts, and of a uniform observance of the rites and attendance upon the worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he was a zealous and exemplary member, he was always ready to "give an account of his stewardship:" and has doubtless, therefore, now "entered into the joy of his Lord." After bidding an affectionate farewell to his afflicted wife, children, and surrounding friends, he expired in the full possession of all his rational powers, and immediately after uttering this triumphant exclamation: "Oh! what a glorious place I am going to! May I meet you all there!"

Let the *deist* or *infidel* seriously contemplate such unequivocal attestations of the heavenly efficacy of our holy faith; and he must be convinced, that though the pride of human reason may, in some instances excite a stoical apathy, or affectation of frigid indifference about the termination of our existence here, *Christianity* alone can elevate its true disciples above the

natural fears of dissolution, and enable them, "rejoicing in hope," calmly to submit to the severest abrubtion of earthly happiness, and even to the extinction of human life; well knowing, that "the things which are seen," though in the highest possible degree accommodated to the promotion of our temporal felicity, "are not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed to," and the bliss which shall be conferred upon, "those who live Godly in Christ Jesus," when the fetters of mortality shall be broken, and "the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

Let the *cold and careless professour* of Christianity be assured, that a profession of faith in that religion, without the profession of its virtues, and the practice of its duties, will but increase his condemnation: for, "If," said the divine authour of Christianity, "I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak (or excuse) for their sin." (John 15, 22.) And, therefore, saith St. Peter "It had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it to turn from, or disregard, the holy commandments delivered to them." 2 Pet. 2, 21.

And, let *the sincere and zealous Christian* be encouraged by such examples as the present to persevere in the path of righteousness; convinced that it will finally conduct him into the Paradise of God.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Num. 23, 10.

From the Providence Gazette.

THE ADELPHIAD.

"'Tis to the PRESS and Pen we mortals owe
"All we *believe*, and almost all we *know*."

If ever Solomon erred, it was in not carrying his idea far enough, when he said, there is *no difference between a man and a beast*. The prophet Isaiah seems more properly "to have hit the nail," as Partridge says, "*ad unguem*," when he gives beasts the preference. *The ox*, saith he, *knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider*. We enjoy the blessings and benefits of life, without any gratitude to the *inventors* or *discoverers* of them—indeed without bestowing a single thought on the subject: De Guignes has searched, and laboured, and written in vain. Next to articles of the first necessity, the *greatest benefit* that ever was conferred on mankind, was the art of PRINTING—yet the greatest readers are, generally, unconscious of their obligations to the inventors of that noble art, or to those who now continue the practice of it.

Before the discovery of Printing, books were in very few hands; they were copied by writers at an almost infinite expense of labour and of time; and a person who wished for information on any particular subject, was obliged to travel till he found a work, in some library, which contained the particulars he desired to be acquainted with. It was a prodigious undertaking of Plutarch to collect the materials for his *Lives*, which he compiled with so much ability and integrity. Other learned men were exposed to similar inconveniences.

As to the inventor of the art of Printing, the learned are divided in opinion. The cities of Mentz, Strasburg and Harlem, contend with equal zeal for the honour of having produced him. The cause of John Mantel, of Strasburg, was zealously espoused by a French physician of the same name, who supposed he invented Printing A. D. 1442. The cause of John Guttemberg, of Mentz, is espoused by Polydore Virgil, Pasquier and others. Naude, &c. contend for John Fust (commonly called

Faust) of the same place—but Boxhornius, Schrevelius and others are the champions of Koster, of Harlem—from whom some say that Guttemberg, and others that Fust, stole the printing materials. The advocates for Fust ground their opinion on the circumstance of his name being in the Latin bible printed anno 1462—and to Tully's offices in 1465. But the advocates for Koster produce the proof of books, now at Harlem, which were printed by him in 1430 and 1432; and they say that it is evident that the work called *De Spiegil Onser Behædinge*, could not be Koster's first essay. Before that time he must have practised on loose sheets, some of which, without date, are in the library of the King of England at St. James's, and others in the Bodleian library at Oxford. These specimens are the rudest of any which are extant, and form no inconsiderable argument in favour of Koster's being the original inventor. But the honour of inventing *single metal types* belongs to Schoeffer, the servant, son-in-law and partner of John Fust, of Mentz; so that I should conceive he ought be considered as the *real inventor* of Printing; the *wooden cuts* of the other competitors having been of but little use, and such a method of Printing was known in China time immemorial: however, as there was not, at that period, any intercourse between Europe and China, it is altogether probable that neither Mantel, Guttemberg, Fust or Koster, derived any information from that quarter.

I have on a former occasion, mentioned the *Codex Argenteus*, in the library of Upsal, in Sweden, concerning which I expected to have found some valuable information in Carr's Northern Summer: but I have been disappointed. Mr. Carr says, it is richly illuminated with "large silver and some golden letters, *which have been made by the brush.*" Mr. Carr, confessedly, is not an antiquary; but the antiquary Ihre supposed this work was stamped with hot metal types, in the manner the backs of books are lettered. If the opinion of Ihre is just, here is an instance of Printing in the fourth century; this *Codex Argenteus* being a translation of the four gospels made by Ulphilas, the apostle of the Goths. That work was at Prague when Printing was practised by Fust, &c. but I cannot say that they were acquainted with it. It is more probable they laid the plan of their designs from the works of Maso Finiguerra, Baccio Baldini, Sandro Botticelli, Antonio del Pollaiolo, of Florence, and other Italian engravers, who brought that art to a considerable degree of perfection in the fourteenth century. If this should have been the case—and it is highly probable—no wonder the German and Dutch printers did not settle the point among themselves, who it was that *invented* printing—they probably knew that neither of them invented it; for it is said that Finiguerra, the first engraver, "pressed a piece of damp paper on his engraving with a small wooden roller, and *the engraving on the metal* remained *imprinted on the paper*, just as if it had been designed with the pen." The only alteration the Germans made in this business, was to cut their letters in wood: therefore I am far from being convinced, that either Mantel, Guttemberg, Fust or Koster, has any *just* title to be considered as the inventor of printing. To Schoeffer, however, we must concede the invention of the method of printing by means of the single metal types, which is in fact the *soul*, or by far the most valuable part of the art. From Germany the art of printing was carried into all the countries of Europe, except Turkey.—There it was allowed from 1730 to 1740; but was not finally established at Constantinople till 1784. William Caxton, an English merchant, who had long been in Germany, took over to England Frederick Corseilles, who understood the printing business; and he established a Press at the University of Oxford, about the

year 1470. The first book printed in English was the history of Troy.

No one could have calculated *a priori* the immense and lasting benefits the world has received from the art of printing. Within a century from the time it was invented, it produced the reformation; it being impossible longer to keep the scriptures and other books out of the hands of the laity, who before that time were profoundly ignorant. Printing laid the *book of knowledge* open to all discriptions of people, and rescued the world from the dimness and obscurity of what are called *the dark ages*. In those times the appearance of learned men was nearly as rare as that of the great comet—but since the era of printing, they have increased so as to have acquired the appellation of *the learned world:* and there is no one so poor, but he may enjoy the gift of Hermes, or obtain a draft from the spring of Pieria. The enemies of Christianity talk of the trifling effect it had on the manners of its votaries.—They say that "the martial principles of Odin triumphed over the peaceable laws of Christ; and that Christendom was in a state little short of barbarism—that the crusaders, the most zealous assertors of the Gospel cause, thought they should do God service by cutting the throats of the Saracens, whom they considered as infidels." The fact is, they were unacquainted with the *principles* of the gospel, *because they were illiterate*. Lord Lyttleton says, that in the reign of King Stephen, it was a mark of nobility *not to know a letter;* but since printing has diffused a knowledge of the *true principles of Christianity*, the condition of man has been meliorated, and is now in a state of progressive improvement. Such excrescences as Robespierre, or the Corsican Goth, are merely as the nebulæ on the disk of the sun—defects which wear away and vanish in the course of time. In respect to knowledge, it is from the *Press* that we derive the greatest part of it—and the *Press* is the creator of nearly all our great literary characters. Had printing been unknown, our renowned Dr. FRANKLIN had been unknown also. Had he been anything but a printer, it is probable he never would have improved the principles of Beccaria and the Abbe Nollet, so as to draw lightning from the clouds, to the astonishment and admiration of mankind, *and to the lasting honour of our country.*

But the time would fail me to tell all the great and manifold advantages we receive from printing. Suffice it therefore to observe, that no one has made greater progress towards rendering the art of printing perfect, than *W. Caslon*, a self-taught letter-founder in England. To delineate the gradual improvements of this art, would carry me far beyond the bounds assigned to this essay—and perhaps prove tedious to the reader.

Z.

In looking over a file of old papers, we met with the following facetious little poem, addressed to a certain class of political characters of that day by a writer in the "Western Telegraphe," under the name of the "Scots-Irishman." We are induced to republish it, for its ingenuity and pleasantry.

THE SCOTS-IRISHMAN.
TO THE
SMA' FEDERALISTS.

——— "*neither sea*
"*Nor good dry land.*"
MILTON.

Awa' frae me, ye wav'ring tribe!
Your hums an' has I canna bide—
Ye just can scud 'lang wi' the tide,
Wi' wind in tail;
But ye're na fit the ship to guide
In adverse gale.

Altho' ye ken fu' well the port,
Instead o' steering straight gate for't,
O' ilka pop'lar breeze the sport,
Ye'd hing an' swither;
Till, in destruction's gulf absorpt,
Ye'd sink forever.

Or, falling on a dang'rous coast,
'Mang rocks, an' shoals, an' shipwrecks tost,
Whare ilka frightfu' sp'rit an' ghost
Shrieks frae the shore,

Ye'd still *doubt on*, till ye'd be lost
For evermore.

Sill unconfirm'd by proof or fact,
Ye'd dosing lie in danger's lap,
Unheeding compass, chart or map;
Or dreaming stan';
Ay hoping to find out the track
To *Fairy-lan'*.

Frae your weak han's Lord keep the helm!
For should misfortune come pell mell on,
An' wild confusion us owerwhelm,
Poor feckless crew!
Ilk ane maun strive to save himsel, then—
Not look to you.

Instead o' scouring up your swords,
Ye listen to deceitfu' words,
The dolefu' screams o' rav'nous birds,
Wha hope ane day
That ye an' a' the land affords
Will be their prey.

Ye hear what baith sides hae to say;
Sometimes turn this, sometimes that way,
Like ass between twa wisps o' hay;
Your mind's a road,
On which opinions pass an' stray,
But find na' abode.

When *Harper* pours his manly sense
In a strong tide of eloquence,
Ye think round property *a fence*
'Twere best to draw,
'Gainst those wha pay nae reverence
To right nor law.

But, whan slee *Gallatin* does growl
About *th' expense*, wi' ruefu' scowl,
I'll lay it charms ye to the soul
To hear him *squall*,
Like that ill boding bird the owl'
On ruin'd wall.

"Peace, peace," ye cry, "an' moderation
Wil' be maist useful to the nation,
By handing in a middle station,
Between the parties."
But ane may judge, by your profession,*
WHICH WAY YOUR HEART IS.
Gif ever things come to a push,
Well cou'd I tell (but I will hush)
Which side ye uppermost would wish:
Sure ye'll declare
For *philanthrophick hug* an' *buss*—
I'll say nae mair.

Or, may be, wish to stan' in sight,
(Judging the *strongest* side the right)
An' quietly see the parties fight
Till ane prevail;
Syne, smack! to fa' wi' a' your might
On them wha fail.

Mayhaps I'm wrang—I dinna ken—
Some o' ye may be honest men,
On wham *the people* do depen';
But, shame fa' me,
Gif I'd na trust ould *Nicky Ben*,†
As soon as ye.

I am a plain, rough kind o' cheil,
Wha canna *craftily* conceal
What in my mind I strongly feel;
Gif I abuse ye,
Ye are sa MEEK, I ken fu' well
That ye'll excuse me.

THE WINGS OF LOVE.

Translated from the French.

'Tis said Love flies;—whence came his wings?
The boy was born with no such things,
For innocence would never rove,
And wings were useless then to Love:
Nor did they shoot up as he grew,
For Infancy is fond and true;
Thus, still unfledg'd, he reach'd the age
When tender sighs the heart engage,
For Constancy will ever prove
The sister fair of youthful Love:
But soon as e'er one balmy kiss,
From Chloe's lips, had seal'd his bliss,
And taught his little heart to leap,
The callow points began to peep.
Another kiss!—the callow points
To pinions sprout with downy joints.
Kiss follows kiss!—two days, 'tis said,
Full plumage o'er the pinions spread.
In fine, he talk'd and woo'd so well,
He gain'd much more than I shall tell.
Soon as his power the Urchin knew,
He proudly clapt his wings and flew.

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* Their attachment to Jacobin principles, by which are meant the doctrines of *equality*, *sovereignty of the people*, and *right of resistance*, which, unless exploded from all free, and legitimate governments no regular system of civil liberty can have long duration—Order and the absolute reign of the laws, which are the very soul of republicks, can never be established. Chaos must forever overspread the political world, and mankind will finally revert to that state of savage independence, and self-government, which we see our Indian neighbours so *happily* enjoy, and which some *humane* modern philosophers have preferred to the blessings of civilized society.

† An old name for Satan—This gentleman's *character* is, at least, a *decided* one.

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and Published, for the Editor, by SMITH & MAXWELL,
NO. 28, NORTH SECOND-STREET.